



CHICAGO SEED

The padlock Chicago Seed is really a grocery trip. It fumbles out from its crib at 337 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago 1016. We're trying to tell you for Seed Publishing, Inc. (Seedco), that we're not a place where you can get 100-200 issues will be shipped out to you for six months. Get your idea and copy together by the first and third Fridays on the month. Consider! You won't be upstaged if you enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope with the copies you want to see again. We subscribe to UPS, LMS, and FRED. That's where it's at.

My hello to.....337-2623
Main business at.....450-1890
Publisher: C. Friedman, H. Dewar
Editor: Abraham Fick
Asst. Editor: Marshall Rosenblatt
Art: Stanley Ray
Staff Writers: Abraham, Rosenblatt, Friedman, Dewar, Weis, Walzer, Parson, Stern, Mendelsohn, Stern, Mad Mendelsohn, Phil Platon, Hippocampus, Fred, L. B. Phil, Stu, Roger Schaff, R. D. V. G.

Staff Graphics: C. Friedman
Staff Writers: C. Friedman, H. Dewar, Weis, Walzer, Parson, Stern, Mendelsohn, Stern, Mad Mendelsohn, Phil Platon, Hippocampus, Fred, L. B. Phil, Stu, Roger Schaff, R. D. V. G.

East Coast: R. D. V. G.
West Coast: R. D. V. G.
All around: R. D. V. G.

And what's the seed? It's a very sensitive major but he's not a crack. Quite the contrary. "There is no evidence of evaluation it becomes apparent that calling a person a pig does not take sufficiently into consideration the differences between the person and the pig." In notification of the original statement, "He is like a pig." Such an expression is called satire—the pointing out of the similarities in our feeling toward the person and the pig.

S. L. Hayakawa, 1929
Quote the third: "For search him I'll find him the clown."
C. M. M.

Our front cover is a picture of the Chicago Police in uniform. Taken during the Convention protest march of Sept. 28th at Lake Michigan. Just after noon, it shows officers Nicholas J. Mauro expressing his opinion of peace and those who come in support of it.

A poster is available entitled "WE SERVE & PROTECT." It can be purchased in Chicago at either Hestery Store (Howard St. or "Pier 6" Alley) or back cover was done by J. Zakanski of De Coudra's. "Let's be target."

John Walzer—good luck wherever you go.

HELPFUL #0-CLIP & SAVE

Seed	337 N LaSalle	337-2623
Kaleidoscope	1870 N. LaSalle	472-7090
Secret City	2120 N. LaSalle	540-8782
Budnot Mob	P.O. Chicago	536-1893
SDA	1028 W. Madison	594-3074
Chicago Film Corp	142 N. Chicago	641-0932
(Devised)		
Print Corp	6710 N. Clark	973-0219
Bry. Auto Corp	2851 N. LaSalle	528-1212
McGraw-Hill	1520 N. Dearborn	742-5251
Health Center		
VD Clinic	21 E. 35th	942-0222
Grove Church	555 W. Madison	126-1024
(Innovative)	(Dancing Place)	
420 Bruce	1484 N. Dearborn	864-1413
Knott's Philippi	6842 S. Congress	393-6646
Arise	6117 W. Clark	528-1900
Transit Prod	1885 W. Lawrence	101-4313
Addition Prod.	111 E. Chicago	717-7165
Coke	T.O. Congress	228-2110
Hyl. Ph. Anti-Cor.	1418 W. North	546-8888
ACLU	161 S. Woodlawn	319-1314
Lev. Soc. Comm.	107 S. DuSable	81-7633
Post-Net	9 S. Clark	334-5564
Audio Music (Int)	187 E. Chicago	908-4913
Clark City Film	(request dir.)	W-12-717
Dunham		702-4112
		533-3200
		1-3-0101
		1-3-0101

March 11, as we go to press. The document claims against attacking Park and Abraham and Perry-Parker. However, both for our healthy future have been looking elsewhere in Chicago.

EXCLUSIVE RETURN ENGAGEMENT

RICHARD J. DALEY AND THE GRAND JURY PRESENT:

THE CON - SPIRO - SEE

Why An Unexpected Case Of THOMAS!!!

COMING SOON
TO THE

FEDERAL BUILDING

R. S. V. P. (Watch This Space)

Exclusive!
BEHIND THE
YIPPIES' PLANS
TO WRECK THE
DEMOCRATS'
CONVENTION

Robert L. Platon

Long way from Utopia

Revolutionary Lesson #1. Don't rip off the brothers. Rip off the rich. Rip off the pigs. Rip off mom and dad. But don't rip off the brothers.

This is the year in which morality takes strange directions. This is the year in which the street gangs of yesterday become the revolutionary gangs of today and liberate their oppressed brethren. This is the year during which the community becomes paramilitary. This is the year in which Jews and blacks and Chicanos murder the Arab proverb "The enemy of my enemy is my friend."

Today (March 2nd) I sit in court covering the trial (including to ask action) of Black Panther leader Fred Hampton. Fred Hampton is my brother. The other eight trial members of the Black community forcefully entered the Sight Shop on North Avenue through a basement window. They had a gun and two knives. They took \$115. They raped two women, out a nineteen-year-old. They badly beat a child. They broke the ribs of one woman's husband. They slashed his chest. They terrorized nine people.

The Sight Shop is a model of how it should be, of what the "all-american society" is all about. It is vital to the community. Who's community? Our community! Who are we? Those who wish a new order.

Every time someone lays down "We want to be free from the Man" rap some honky cites a book of statistics. Why not? It's all there. The murders, the rapes, the senseless assaults on the innocent—they're all there. Even an ideal society has malfeas; those who lack the humanity to live without rigid rules. Logic dictates that they must have their brutal energies held in check.

Man will always find it necessary to deal with the misdeeds who endanger the common good. That's why there are cops. Good men will constantly seek to make the common good compatible with what is positive and beautiful. That's why there are revolutions.)

The time has come to show those who choose to disbelieve the validity of the ideal that it works not only in theory but in practice. The pigs who cut and maimed and raped the brothers and sisters at the Sight Shop have no place in the third world, in any world. They have no brothers. We implore their right to exist in the wake of the coming new order.

We are a long way from Utopia.

Al Rosenfeld

DOCTOR STRANGELOVE AT THE BOARD OF HEALTH OR

HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE P.L.U., LEAD POISONING TUBERCULOSIS, PELLAGRA AND BIRTH-DETH

If you have ever traveled in and about the Hoy Butcher you have doubtless come across beautiful banners gaily festooned in red, white and blue proclaiming "Chicago is Number One? Who is Number Two? Richard J. Daley, Mayor." Certainly there are many who wonder what Chicago is number one in. After diligent research, I have discovered that the signs are apparently referring to Infant Mortality. Yes, boys and girls, Chicago loses more babies per birth than any other major city in the United States. Furthermore, according to the 1964 Vital Statistics of the United States, Chicago's black infant death rate exceeds the total death rate of any country in the Western world, that includes Guatemala, Nicaragua and Mexico. And furthermore, O'believers in righteousness and the wisdom of city planners, the black infant death rate is rising, not falling, and the white infant death rate is not getting any better.

Infant mortality reflects only one aspect of the lousy state of public health in Chicago. Did you know that 16 babies died this year of lead poisoning? Lead poisoning is a totally preventable disease. Paisters have not used lead paint for more than 20 years now because of its effects. There are city laws (let's hear it for lawmakers) directed against slumlords who allow lead hazards to exist. The city has had 30 years to wipe out lead poisoning, but we lost 16 babies this year, most under three-years of age, for no reason at all. And those are only the deaths; no one will ever know how many children have become blind, mentally retarded or epileptic due to the negligence of the city inspectors.

Shocked? Here's a few other choice tidbits: Did you know that ten percent of the adults and nine percent of all children in the state of Illinois never receive any regular medical care? That means one million people in Illinois never see a doctor on a regular basis. Thirty-three percent of Illinois' children do not have a regular dentist. Chicago has no public ambulance service, and the police and fire department do not have to take you to a hospital if they don't want to. Cook County has only one public hospital, and if you happen to be poor or uninsured and need emergency services you will in all probability end up at Harrison and Wood Streets even if you had a coronary in Floorroom or Marikham. Furthermore, your wait in the County emergency room will usually be in the vicinity of two hours, and you might not get the best of care because County sees 6 more 1200 patients in 24 hours. 600 of these are "seen and observed". That means no hospitalization, no clinic follow-up; just advice. Oh yes, Chicago's tuberculosis rate is two and a half times that of America's.

The people generally responsible for public health in Chicago are the members of the Board of Health. A few months ago, we lost our old Commissioner of Health, Snappy Sammy Ardeman. Some allege that the city old folks had allowed his cousin to run experimental vaccine tests on indigent patients without their knowing they were part of an experiment. And rumor has it that some of the research money found its way into Snappy Sammy's very own pocket. At any rate, he resigned his office rather than face scandal, and the Mayor appointed the Assistant Health Commissioner Morgan O'Connell to take his place as a temporary health commissioner. Dr. O'Connell's principal qualification for taking the office seems to be the fact that he was Mayor Daley's family obstetrician.

Dr. Morgan will also be remembered as the man who claimed that there was no flu epidemic in Chicago. He also is the one who gave the small amount of flu vaccine the city had to Brill Telephone Co. Instead of the hospitals. These are his qualifications. Dr. Eric Oberg, President of the Chicago Board of Health threatened to resign if Morgan was made permanent commissioner. Also, the Chicago Medical Society (the local arm of the AMA!) has issued petitions calling for Morgan's removal.

Part of the problem in getting a decent Commissioner has to do with the state of the Health Dept. itself. It is hopelessly overburdened with political hacks. At the Child Welfare stations, registered nurses are forced to do clerical work because the ward captains and precinct chiefs who are given these jobs tend to be out canvassing the polls rather than doing what they are paid to do. County Hospital closes on Election Day.

Mayor Daley claims to be setting up a search committee to find a new Commissioner. However, no searching seems to have been done yet. Even if this evanescent group comes up with a man, maybe even granting the possibility of a miracle—a competent man he would not be able to accomplish anything anywhere as long as the Board remains as corrupt as it is. The example of James Redmond trying to work with the Chicago Board of Education bears this out.

The obvious point is that Chicago will not get a decent Health Commissioner as long as present conditions exist. Any man who values his integrity, not to mention his sanity, would drop this city like a hot potato. The Chicago Committee on Human Rights (MCHRH) is not ready to see the city dropped.

Under MCHRH's leadership, a meeting was held of community leaders at the U. of I. Medical Center Union on Sunday March 2. Latin American Defense Organization, Mother Power and the Black Consortium were a few of the groups represented at the meeting. Committees were formed to develop community support for the reform of the Health Dept. A permanent office for consolidation of activities is being set up. The support of all citizens from all parts of the city will be needed to bring pressure on the Mayor's office to force Chicago the kind of Health Commissioner, Health Dept., and health facilities it needs before the whole town becomes indistinguishable from the Chicago River.

Leo Pardo

FRIENDLY ASA'S
PEPPER
a good hot dog is hard to find...& better than sex

Sir Real
2204 n. clark
Hip mens
haberdashery



dandy brandy 'sez EAT at
THE FEEDSTORE
a family restaurant
2464 n. lincoln
weekdays 4 to 1
fri. & sat. 5 to 2
serving gourmet foods



ALTERNATE SOCIETY

You take a walk down Fullerton Avenue, past posh private property. You cross Clark Street, casting a half-bewildered look up the block to check if Urban Renewal has eaten France's Restaurant. You pass the high-rises and reach the wide open space just off the lake. A right brings you to the greenhouse.

Those already there are a bit shocked to see a mass of scruffy-and hair stroll into their sacred sanctuary. They are somewhat upset by the Electronic Music for the Mind and Body streaming out of the lounge, but electric-acoustic guitars and smiles and kisses are infectious, and their vibrations sink through curiously into acceptance.

Ataleas are apart. They like Country Joe and the Fish. They like the first album better than the second than the third. Don't you? What happened to Country Joe and the Fish? America happened to Country Joe and the Fish. Ataleas know that. Do you think they like to live inside a building?

In the spring, a young freak's fancy turns up thoughts of a Free City. Last year, humble beginnings, a switchboard, a communication company, a hip job Corp. They are all gone. Corp Day is worked for alleged mob action, C.C. Dennis saw a lot of friends beaten and a few killed. Some of those friends were flowers. We all had a few of our flowers gassed and clubbed to death. Some of the animals are wearing black streamers. Ataleas go naked in a Free City.

The Digger Papers suggest a minimum number of organizations that can act in concert to construct a Free City. Some of these things already exist in Chicago. Support them. Others need to be created. Create them. What is the goal of a Free City? The goal is to allow every brother and sister to have what he needs to do everything.

Let us understand what a Free City is about:

In each city of the world there is a loose competitive underground composed of groups whose aims overlap, conflict, and generally converge the desired goal of autonomy. . . Free Cities are composed of Free Families who establish and maintain services that provide a base of freedom for autonomous groups to carry out their programs without having to hassle for food, printing facilities, transportation, mechanics, money, housing, working space, clothes, machinery, trucks, etc. (Digger Papers)

Let us understand what is required:

Each service should be performed by a tight gang of brothers (and sisters) whose commitment should enable them to handle an overload of work with ability and enthusiasm. . . . Tripletime soon get bored, hopefully before they cause an economic strain. (Digger Papers) CONT on p. 17

An eight-by-ten glossy of Lawrence Wolf and His Champagne Music Maker's hangs on the wall of the manager's office at the Aragon Ballroom. Next to it, pressed behind a yellowed pane, is a photo of a 1943 Victory Bond celebration held at the Aragon. Twelve-six years later, 1959, 800 young people roar, sit, and dance on the ballroom floor while the Joe Kelly Blues Band, a guitarist, fills the room with decibels, which Cub Calloway's 35-man band could not have achieved.

This is the Revolution. Bell-bottoms and longhair replace root suits and periwigs. A hip-flask of pot, Lonely-girl and horny-boy faces. The marathon dance replaced by anecdotistic carousers.

The Aragon is full of ghosts and the present dancers easily do their own. No rush hour to listen to Amos 'n' Andy, but a color television set is provided in the lobby. The lady in the checkroom has been there since the Kabbalah first sang Nippony-Hoppy-Hon. The manager still uses the double-entry bookkeeping system: receipts are receipts and there is nothing new under the sun.

Nineteen revolutionists believe that this is THE Revolution. The newly-expanded minds, music and media bespeak of a new phenomena which will change the world. John the Baptist believed that too. Revolution at the Aragon—the MCS all got paid by revolutionary groupies and \$400 was stolen from John Stricklin's suitcase by revolutionary thieves.

And the beat goes on. "The Man can't beat our music." Aretha Franklin and Ray Charles, together on record for the first time, making soul sounds for Coca-Cola. A skinny Jewish kid stepping like Hineskin Wolf. And there is no new thing under the sun.

What is happening now is not THE Revolution which will change all the stupidities around and within us. Revolution is an ongoing process; all is forever reforming and reconstituting.

The Preacher of Ecclesiastes said, "all is vanity and a seeking after wind." Bob Dylan said, "the answer is blowin' in the wind."

I went back to the Aragon manager's office and looked at Lawrence Wolf's photo again. Suddenly, I was eighteen and it was the year 1914. The band looked the same, but the photo-capturer had changed: "Thursday Night Golden-Agony Dance—Frank Zappa and His Aragonite Gold Star Mothers."

Marshall Rosenblatt

Seattle—The James Cotton Blues Band broke after playing to 5,000 of the most enthusiastic fans ever to crowd into the Eagles Ballroom two nights running. The \$200 that Cotton got for the gig was lost outside Eagle's along with the band's two saxophones. . . . Cotton had to borrow money to get home. (Hells)



Groovy clothes & things for the young modern

discount for rock groups

by **WAITERS INC**
1359 N WELLS
OLD TOWN, CHIC.

BEST STOCK IN THE WORLD

BLUES 78s
45s
LPs
ROCK LPs 69¢

Quick money new releases and 100% F.M.

JAZZ RECORD MART

seven west grand-cad. the gallery phone 222-1447

**THE MAN
AT EASE
LOVES YOU**

the seed

How insignificant that the air we breathe is allegedly being polluted by nuclear testing, industrial waste and the automobile! How insignificant when compared to the evils of self-pollution, self-pollution, or as it is called by medical writers, gonorrhea or masturbation, is incorporated the worst form of pollution for several reasons.

Whereas pollution of the air is non-discriminating in respect to whom it attacks, self-pollution is most heinous for it concentrates its effect on the young. It is wholly unnatural and in every respect does violence to nature. The mental action, and the power of the imagination on the genital organs, forcing a vital stimulation of the parts, which is reflected over the whole nervous system, are exceedingly intense and injurious; and consequently the reciprocal influences between the brain and the genital organs become extremely powerful, treacherable and destructive. The general, prolonged and rigid tension of the muscular and nervous tissue is excessively severe and violent. In short, the conscientious effort and concentrated energy of all the powers of the human system to this single force effect cause the most ruinous irritation, violence, exhaustion and debility to the system.

That there are Americans who treat lightly the consumable diseases of self-pollution, while morbidly dwelling on the relatively unimportant affects of air-pollution, is not surprising. We could readily quote equally high authorities who see great dangers in the use of marijuana, LSD and illicit snuffs.

We have pooh-pooh air-pollution. It is a subterfuge for the most evil problem. And, what is most to the point, self-pollution can be conquered!

First and most essential, is the advice to the self-pollutor to resist the temptation OF MIND. All exciting literature, all indecent conversations, all lascivious exhibitions must be totally renounced. Next, all stimulating food and drink, especially coca-cola and martinis, must be dropped. The mind and body must both be constantly and ardently employed, the sleep never prolonged, the bed hard, the covering light, and the habits of saving, striving and competing as much broken as practicable. Generally the temptation comes at some particular hour, or under some special and well-known circumstances. For example, when the President appears on television, extra precautions must be taken to occupy the thoughts with serious subjects and to destroy the old associations and opportunities.

There are also medical means which can be employed in some cases with good success, such as the administration of substances which destroy desire, and local applications, and even surgical operations which render the action physically impossible.

Self-pollution is the real contemporary problem. To the crusading anti-air-pollutionists we say: REMOVE THINE EYE FROM THE SKY AND LOOK TO THE HAND IN YOUR PANTS!!!

Prof. Leonard R. Fitz

WEEKEND VISITORS(BSEXUAL) TO CHICAGO INTERESTED IN MEETING PEOPLE FOR ACTIVITIES IN THE CITY--MALE OR FEMALE-15-25 WHITE/Black/Hispanic 310 S Third St. Rockford Illinois. Include Photo if poss.

MARQUEE ANNOUNCES

A highly exclusive new line of books exploring all the sexual desires of human sexuality. For a limited time only, these books are offered by Marquee at special reduced rates. These \$5.00 titles are now yours for \$4.00 each or all of the first four books for just \$12.00! **Hypersexual Women**, a stirring expose of sex-crazed women; **The Annapolis Scandal**, case histories with an open-minded view of all types of sexuality; **Sex Film**, an intimate candid tour through of hardcore secret sexual experiences; **The Young and the Gay**, a bold new look at modernism. All books are one size soft cover editions 5 1/2 by 8 inches, 192 pages. Send your order now and Marquee will receive special discounts for you on all future publications.

Marquee, P.O. Box 3447 Van Nuys Ca 91407



dinosaur culture

SAURON VISITS GANDALF

Part I--Black eyed Samson

Fifteenth District Chicago Police raided Doc Gandalf's General Store Feb. 17 because of an alleged sale of marijuana. The 16 persons in the store were arrested.

The Boys in Blue claim that a "confidential agent" had made an appointment to buy a nickel-bag from a "male negro". The agent went into the store with a marked five-dollar bill and after supposedly making the purchase he left. Immediately thereafter, the men walked in and grabbed Bill McKinney, 18, the only "male negro" in the store. Everyone was searched and arrested.

Doc Gandalf's manager, Jack Ryckman, was found to be "holding" a pill which one brilliant cop swore was an "upper". His partner swore it was a "downer". In fact, Jack is a diabetic and also had been recently released from the hospital after having had a leg partially amputated. The pallid men of the 15th had confiscated his prescription medicines. Ryckman was jailed and his pills were not returned. He was charged with possession of a dangerous drug, running a place of public nuisance, and failure to display the corporation's non-profit state charter. Bond was set at \$5,000.

"Male negro" Bill McKinney was charged with possession and sale of marijuana. The surly-tailed Princes of Peace worked themselves into an organic frenzy in their efforts to locate their marked green. They could find neither the green nor the goody-bag of dope. They then claimed that Bill must have "eaten the bill or had his girlfriend flash it down the toilet." Considering the fact that an one knew that there was going to be a bust until the cops were already in the store, Bill had at most 15 seconds to swallow the money. And without ketchup!

Evil-dope-peevet-male-negro Bill is the 1968 JCC Children of the Year, an honors student, and president of the Orr High School student council. But Bill McKinney is also black.

Part II--Poek Blossoms

On Feb. 23, a plainclothes "off-duty" cop with a .45 automatic in his shoulder-holster visited the store several times. He was apparently quite intoxicated (quite, of course) and was also seen running down the street waving his rod like a loaded male-sinner in Dodge City. After his fifth visit we closed the store and began a search for planted dope. None was to be found. When we reopened the store the cop reappeared.

Jack Ryckman asked to see his gun permit and ID. The cop flashed a Chicago Police ID that gave his name as "Zotnikoff, Bladze 2156." A letter check by an revealed Zotnikoff to be from the Fillmore District.

Officer Zotnikoff 9159 left about a half-hour later and a half-smoked joint was found in a crack of the table he was sitting at. Chicago Sun-Times newsmen came moments later and photographed the joint before we disposed of it. Although several squad cars were in front of the store, no bust followed.

While "Raper Dick" Frank Nard is seeking a Grand Jury indictment against Jack and Bill, a local racist group known as the Austin Town Hall Assembly has passed a resolution calling for an investigation of the store, and their "after-hours activities". Doc Gandalf's has been subject to daily visits by the larc who lift out endless "field contact cards" which are used to arrest and protect. *If anything, they will die young of writer's cramp.

Roger Schott for Doc Gandalf



GIVE HEAD!

HEAD Brand Quality Joint Papers

Good Records--only \$2.86

Other Papers, Pipes, Jewelry

Incense, Candles.

HEAD IMPORTS

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

Chicago Illinois 60614

312 549-1059

NATE ALTERNATE ALTERNATE ALTERNATE

ONE WHO SPEAKS "OBJECTIVELY" SPEAKS IN PARANOID HALLUCINATIONS.

The act of obedience is only possible when the self is alienated from the self. This "repression," "armor," "maya." Call it what you will. The word is not the thing. The mean is not the meal. The act of obedience is a function of coding, of an information matrix without self-regulation...

Alienation begins with the very first act of obedience. With each repeated act of obedience, the self becomes less and less able to be its own motor, less able to motivate action, hence existentially less "real"...

Sir Arthur Eddington described entropy as "time's arrow." It is because of entropy that the universe has states distinguishable as "before" and "after." Travel in time thus becomes a matter of manipulating entropy and negentropy.

Negentropy has been shown by Claude Shannon to be mathematically identical with information. The amount of information in a message is the negentropy of the message.

A civilization is an information matrix. A tribe is an information matrix. Valid information in the tribe is oral, and a tribal matrix is acoustic. Valid information in a civilization is written and author-based by a priesthood or by state official; a civilized matrix is visual.

In a tribal-acoustic matrix, time is cyclical and people are spell-bound, inside the big beat of the repeated sacred chant.

In the literate-visual matrix of civilized man, time is linear and goes on and on forever, like time is linear and goes on and on forever, like time is linear and goes on and on forever, like the line of type which can be endlessly duplicated, the line of type which can be endlessly duplicated, the line of type which can be endlessly duplicated.

Time-travel is commonplace among tribal peoples and hardly occurs in commerce. "Oh, Xiphi went back to visit the Aztecs last Tuesday."

"Yeah, he was always one for peering about." Literate man conveys the concept of time-travel to fantasy and science-fiction. Like other voyagers outside the space-time-age game, he does it only in his sleep. If it happens by accident while he is awake, his first thought is, "Call the doctor, I'm going psycho."

The war against LSD is chiefly a war against telepathy and time-travel, both of which are incompatible with hierarchical, literate, authoritarian government.

YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO STEP OUTSIDE THE FRAMEWORK WHICH HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY DESIGNATED AS "REALITY" BECAUSE THIS GIVES THE WHOLE GAME AWAY.

"REALITY" IS MERELY SOCIETY'S NAME FOR THE SUM TOTAL OF ALL ITS VARIOUS PARANOID HALLUCINATIONS. The hallucination of the separate "nation." The hallucination of the separate "race." The hallucination of the separate "ego." The hallucinations of Euclidean space and Newtonian time.

Even from the usual symbol of "hard" "objective" "reality" is now revealed as part of a process, one three-dimensional cross-section of a four-dimensional event, a particular structure of energy midway between the primal core and the ultimate void.

FLAPJACK FLAPJACKS

BY
DAVID
HAWTHORNE
SIMON



barnaby's

MARCH 19-ALBERT KING
FLOCK
MARCH 26-MOBY GRAPE
GROUP THERAPY

OVER 21 ONLY
\$3 GUYS
\$2 GIRLS

0-850

STATE OF CHESTNUT



A serious young man found the conflicts of mid-twentieth century America confusing. He went to many people seeking a way of resolving within himself the disorders that troubled him, but he remained troubled.

One night in a coffee house, a self-ordained Zen Master said to him, "Go to the dilapidated mansion you will find at this address which I have written down for you. Do not speak to those who live there; you must remain silent until the moon rises tomorrow night. Go to the large room on the right of the main hallway, sit in the lotus position on top of the rubble in the northeast corner, face the corner, and meditate."

He did as the Zen Master instructed. His meditation was frequently interrupted by worries. He worried whether or not the rest of the plumbing fixtures would fall from the second floor bathroom to join the pipes and other trash he was sitting on. He worried how would he know when the moon rose on the next night. He worried about what the people who walked through the room said about him.

His worrying and meditation were disturbed when, as if in a test of his faith, ordure fell from the second floor onto him. At that time two people walked into the room. The first asked the second who he was sitting there was. The second replied, "Some say he is a holy man. Others say he is a shithead."

Hearing this, the man was enlightened.

John A. Swerton

**Born In Belfast
Started "Them"
Wrote "Gloria"
Made "Brown Eyed Girl"**



NOW - ON WARNER BROS. / 7ARTS RECORDS - THE WORDS AND MUSIC OF

VAN MORRISON

PRODUCED BY LEWIS MERENSTEIN FOR INHERIT PRODUCTIONS, DIVISION OF SCHWAB - MERENSTEIN

THE ALBUM: ASTRAL WEEKS - WS 1768



QUEBEC LIBERATION FRONT BOMBS STOCK-MARKET:

In the eighth Quebec bombing of the year, the Quebec Liberation Front dynamited the Montreal Stock Exchange Feb. 13th. Twenty-seven were injured and damages ran to \$1 million. The Front stands for anti-imperialist struggle against all Canadians exploiting Quebec. (LNS)

AND THE FLAG WAS STILL THERE:

Pale Ales RDB members raised the Viet Cong flag over the local post office this month. The flag resisted right-wingers' attempts to tear it down and was brought down at last only by the local red fire truck. (LNS)

INDIANA OBSCENITY OVERTURNED

A panel of federal judges has ruled part of Indiana's obscenity law unconstitutional, warned Hammond police about harassing shopkeepers, and declared Chicago KALLEDOSCOPE not obscene. The decision followed the arrest of a shopkeeper who sold Kalledoscope. (LNS)

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE

CBS research laboratories in New York are allegedly developing a super-spy camera for aerial reconnaissance work under a Defense Department contract. The camera works by sending down laser beams which are scanned for variations in intensity after they reflect up from the ground. (LNS)

STANDARD STRIKE: STUDENT-WORKER ALLIANCE

The strike against the Richmond, California refinery of Standard Oil has begun to bring about an alliance between Berkeley and SF State students and the striking workers. Students have manned picket lines with workers and have disrupted company sales meetings to the astounded delight of many of the strikers. (LNS)

MORE OIL

Unocal Oil company, which brought you last month's California oil slick (the one that killed all the birds) has done it again. Another well leaked and an eight-mile oil slick is covering the Pacific waters of Southern California. (LNS)

CUBAN EQUALITY

Cuba has instituted a new plan to ensure that all persons have an equal opportunity to purchase consumer goods. Under the new Plan B, Germans, those persons who presently have the fewest goods will be given priorities in purchasing new goods. It has been found that some people spend their time queuing up for consumer products while others, who are busy working, get fewer goods. It is hoped that all will have an equal share of Cuba's wealth under the new system. (LNS)

BID BOO MAILING

Both New York and Los Angeles have seen anonymous mass (30,000 in each city) mailing of marijuana in the past two weeks. Each of the 60,000 envelopes contained a joint and a marijuana fact sheet. Sources and quality of the grass are not yet known.

THE RADICAL JESUS IS WINNING: Every Wednesday at McCormick chapel 800 W. Belmont, the Rev. Jonathan Tuttle will be giving services in celebration of the Liberated Zone. 7450m



ROACHES

HARASSMENT OF YOUNG LORDS CONTINUES

Police harassment of Cha-Cha Jimenez has not slowed down despite community opposition to the harassment as expressed at a recent meeting between police and 14th district community members. Two days after the meeting, Cha-Cha was in the car of a friend and when stopped for a minor traffic violation and let go was suddenly surrounded by two more squad cars, searched, and ordered to the police station. At the station, Cha-Cha made a call and 80 people from the meeting arrived at the station very quickly. Numerous nervous officers soon released the two "suspects".

The following day, Feb 14, a car with Cha-Cha and other Young Lords was stopped, this time for no reason. Cops searched the car and confiscated a map. Two days later the same thing happened again. The cops seem to want a war. (FRED)

GREENING CALLS FOR DRAFT RESISTANCE

Former Senator Ernest Gruening has called on America's youth to resist the draft and go to jail. "I want to see thousands of young men refuse to go—until they have so many of them they've killed the jills," Gruening said. (LNS)



POLICE SCORECARD

This week's police scorecard shows four cops fired and two suspended. The discharges were due to relations with criminals and boasting checks, the suspensions were for selling guns illegally and "wildly misrepresenting a citizen?" Another policeman has been charged with the aggravated battery of a citizen. (FRED)

BLACK STUDIES WOTED AT ROOSEVELT

The Council of the College of Arts and Sciences at Roosevelt University has voted to establish a black studies degree program which will be developed into a full department.

BLACK GI'S HARASSED

Black soldiers at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, have met with arrests and harassment in their attempt to conduct political discussions. Meetings to discuss the Vietnam War and to listen to tapes of Malcolm X have been broken up, organizers have been arrested, and one soldier is being tried for refusing to go to bed, although he was already in bed. (LNS)

ACID BABIES

The debate over the significance of sometimes-detected chromosome damage produced by LSD still continues unresolved. The latest reports, from a scientist at George Washington University, bode poorly for mothers who have taken acid. Twenty-two aborted embryos of

women who had taken LSD were examined. Five showed a definite fault—failure of the neurotubulin to close. The usual rate of this abnormality is said to be less than five per thousand in aborted embryos. (LNS)

YOUNG PATRIOTS FIGHT MODEL CITIES

A meeting of the Uptown Model Cities Planning Council ended in an uproar February 13 as hundreds of community residents led by the Young Patriots sought to shout down a city plan to tear down more housing in Uptown. The Young Patriots are an organization of militant Southern white youth in Uptown.

The bone of contention at the meeting was the report of the housing subcommittee, which had met on Monday evening. Few community people attended the subcommittee meeting because they had been told there would be no vote. But then the subcommittee voted to approve the city-sponsored plan over the Bank Williams Village proposal drawn up by community residents. Bank Williams Village would be a model low-income housing complex named in honor of the late Southern singer. The city is seeking to destroy the housing of Southern whites, Latins, and Indians in order to build a junior college. (FRED)

PREVENTIVE DETENTION

Preventive detention of "dangerous" defendants has been authorized by the New York State criminal code. Pretrial defendants considered to be habitual criminals or a danger to society would simply be denied bail under the new plan.

APARTHEID SPREADING

South Africa has announced plans to introduce apartheid into its illegally-owned territory of South West Africa. The South African whites plan to exploit SW Africa for its mineral wealth. Several American companies are also investing in South West Africa.

In protests against apartheid, 100 demonstrators turned out in New York to show their opposition to the landing permit granted South African Airways by the Johnson administration. (LNS)

YOUTH BURNED OUT

February was a horror for the under-thirty set. The clown in the Wyoming State Senate announced a bill calling for sixteen-year-old voting to specify that male 18s and 20s have haircuts that conform to military standards, while the unicameral Nebraska legislature passed a measure which provides for suspension from college for any drug convict. Adding insult to injury, the Civil Aeronautics Board accepted for review a recommendation by one of its examiners that would, if accepted, end youth fares as discriminatory.

THE HEARTLAND AND THE TUBE

Middle America has been sending nasty letters to CBS about the Southern Brothers Show. Whether you see the show as an agent of radicalization or just laugh a lot, it might help to send a letter of support to the Southern Brothers Comedy Hour, 7880 Beverly Blvd., LA 90036.



red cross case of aggression

one of many cases of aggression

FOURTH DIMENSIONAL KIM FOWLEY

THE GOOF

Queens College, N.Y. -- President Joseph P. McMurray was really pleased when some 100 demonstrators occupied a building and took over the campus radio station. He was pleased because he says he wasn't invited. The insurgents-- Irish Revolutionaries Interested in Scholastic Help (I.R.I.S.H.)-- demanded to know "why Queens College isn't in the St. Patrick's Day Parade?" and further demanded that Kelly-green ID cards replace the standard drab white, orange and yellow ones.

On a campus which has felt the angry frustration of the black and Puerto Rican minorities, such demands as the establishment of an exchange program with Dublin University, turning St. Patrick's Day into a school holiday and the admission of 100 "deserving, underprivileged and grateful Irish students" will probably be received with a laugh on the basis of stupidity and bad taste. Or as President McMurray said, "in the same sense that they were offered: in a spirit of good cheer."

Penn State (Guardian) -- SDS has given an ultimatum to the administrators of Penn State: submit or else. 400 students seized the administration building while 600 held a rally outside. They want acceptance of black student demands, elimination of military recruiting on campus, an end to credit for ROTC and the lifting of a ban on the school's underground newspaper. Leftists and rightists collided at the university when SDSers tried to take down an American flag.

MAC vs. MALT

(SEED Wire Service) -- Kansas State University still burns over the controversial question of whether or not beer (a minor psychological) should be served on that campus.

Says State Senator, Grand Bland of the highly militant S.P.A.S.M. Society for the Prevention of Apathetic Student Movements following their recent "Milk-In"-- "Three glasses a day is enough for anybody."

THE GUTS

Academia in America is abhorred. Revolt, both major and minor, has engulfed all of her campuses. There isn't no such thing as a minor revolt. No one, not even Polunk U. is exempt. The envisioned tomorrow has become the reality of today, and the flames will cleanse as of the impurities.....

San Francisco State -- The Movement called it the "Mama Strike". Reagan calls it a disgrace. Whatever you label it, SF State is the prototype "68" for campus insurgency.

Madison (LNS) --- The student strike at the University of Wisconsin, Madison has ended. The strike steering committee ended the action, involving at times as much as 70 percent of the student body, as "larger for the Governor's move of calling up 2200 National Guard were off and the strike lost steam."

One opinion as to why the strike fizzled was that "a movement based on liberal guilt was doomed from the onset. Constituent meetings were always hung up on tactics.... We hesitated to be overly dogmatic about the necessity for political discussions because of the frequent charges that the strike was being manipulated by white radicals. The strike did succeed in the sense that power was exerted on the campus by a core group of students, based simply on the justice of the black demands." The thirteen demands revolved around the establishing of a black studies department.

Berkeley (Guardian) -- The student strike at the University of California, Berkeley has moved from a series of militant demonstrations involving 300 to 800 students to pitched battles with police involving several thousands.

By the end of the fifth week of the strike, Gov. Reagan had called the National Guard to Berkeley, where they awaited further orders just blocks from the campus.

The Regents voted 13-3 to suspend immediately any student believed to have violated campus regulations during a state of emergency. The campus is now in an officially proclaimed state of emergency.

After five weeks, 146 arrests had been made, 26 of them involving felony charges.

CAMPUS ESPIONAGE TO CHECK SDS; PANTHERS

(LNS) -- The news that nearly every state university and all of the Big Ten schools have enlisted members of the Parading Riflees (described as an elitist private organization of only the most enthusiastic ROTC members), as spies against SDS and the Panthers leads us to wonder if the new James Bond Corps can match the antics of those inept spies--the Chicago Red Spies.

An order signed by Major Cockson (that's right, "COCKSON"), a journalism major at the University of Nebraska which is National Headquarters for the PR's, was entitled "SUBJECT: Subversive Propaganda." The order instructed "All Regiments" to "forward all information and published material of SDS, the Panthers and other local subversive organizations to National Headquarters."

The regimental headquarters are to instruct all 113 companies on campuses across the country to comply with Cockson's "request". There are 1,300 troops in the companies.

This comic endeavor to get SDS is apparently the result of Princeton ROTC's falling physical stature. SDS beat 'em in a recent football game.

KIM FOWLEY OUTRAGEOUS



kim fowley is the ultimate underground animal...is the revolution...
is a fourth dimensional force...kim fowley is outrageous. LP12423

The original role of a reporter was to be an objective observer of events and an impartial recorder of them. The "New Journalism" of the underground press, Miller, et al allowed the reporter to be a participant. Now, myself included, have tried to extend this idea and become a participant and even an instigator. It is making me crazy.

In my stories I repeatedly said modestly declining to add "what is what is happening to my head" to the already-stated "here is what I think is happening." Maybe I feel that I am someone different than the other folks present. (Were the attention is making me crazy, it is making everyone crazy, but not all individuals with different sets of circumstances... "I, maybe I feel exactly the same, which clarifies the need to state anything from the point of "I" (since we're all going crazy from all this. We know this," or maybe I'm the only one freakin' out. Or maybe all three. Anyway, it's just bad form, so fuck it.)

FUCKING UP

In past articles I've come down hard on the movement for housing in Washington, at the U of C, and now at Madison. This has pissed off a lot of people. It even pissed me off. What is the place in the Revolution of the "You Fucked Up" article? Everyone around the country day the shit out of the U of C and was truly elated by the news coming out of Madison. People dragged by writer's snobs in New York were cheered by reading that things were going down elsewhere. The people in the Administration Building at the U of C and at strike headquarters in Madison knew something that readers of the Guardian and the Times didn't. They knew that the whole thing was a fuck-up and was breaking up their heads at the same time that their bodies were being given hollowed pieces in the Campus Spring Offensive.

So what do I, a self-styled "New Journalist" respond? Do I tell the people out there, "Wait! Madison was a fuck-up and destroy another shirder day of hope? Does it make a difference? Who's side am I on, guys?"

Well folks, I had my own chance to fuck up and survey the results. I went back to my old school (Good Mourning), the University of Iowa, by an old acquaintance, Tom Hayden was the featured speaker at a Student Power Conference that very day. I was determined to join the conference. I was to discuss what was and wasn't happening in the movement, so I walked onto the stage and took a place on the panel just before I got underway. There was the Student Body President, straight from a Walgreen's advertisement, the liberal Dean of Academic Affairs (the leading candidate for the University Presidency), the Moderator, the program director at the U's radio station (and entrenched village radical); a New University Conference professor (in/ed/ready/over-the-top/anti-social-democracy type) and a crazy with beard and bob (hmm...).

When you give a talk, what happens? Well, I got up, which was well-received by the school's SDS contingent (SDS at the U of I has a proper "line" for the worker-student alliance. Iowa City has a toothbrush alliance). As the panel continued its questioning, I seized the podium, fought off the moderator's insults, suffered PTA accusations of ego-tripping, and, with my mind still a little tripped from an all-night drive from Chicago, proceeded....I...fuck up. After trying my eye, I slid out of town clothed only in a cloak of darkness. I landed for five hours, then decided that if they hated the Living Theatre too, I was in good company. "Dare to struggle..."

...Cute... Iowa City, a week and a half later, every headline of the statewide Des Moines Register is about an October speech made at a Student Power Conference that also had Tom Hayden. It seems that there were six state legislators in the audience (invited by YAF) who wiped my speech and played it back in the State Capitol. 302 of 61 legislators (automatic majority) sponsored bills to silence all speakers on state campuses. ("They" had dangerous radicals like Tom Hayden, Harry W. Miller, and John Glasziou speak there," and (3) expelled all students and fire all faculty members and employees taking part in "demonstrations" (now here are famous for highly interpretive words like "demonstrations") on campus.

Later in the month the Regents (Ibex) market-place-of-dead-liberals President Howard Brown (known as "Silent Noise"), he was an economic adviser to Johnson, who was also, who had been complaining of "left wing and liberal activity" on campus, attacked the bill as "harmful". And the Legislature is presiding. The radical who



made that remark (he took it back and explored it with "totalitarianism" into reasoning, however—the-way-to-total-democracy type) and a crazy with beard and bob (hmm...).

When you give a talk, what happens? Well, I got up, which was well-received by the school's SDS contingent (SDS at the U of I has a proper "line" for the worker-student alliance. Iowa City has a toothbrush alliance). As the panel continued its questioning, I seized the podium, fought off the moderator's insults, suffered PTA accusations of ego-tripping, and, with my mind still a little tripped from an all-night drive from Chicago, proceeded....I...fuck up. After trying my eye, I slid out of town clothed only in a cloak of darkness. I landed for five hours, then decided that if they hated the Living Theatre too, I was in good company. "Dare to struggle..."

...Cute... Iowa City, a week and a half later, every headline of the statewide Des Moines Register is about an October speech made at a Student Power Conference that also had Tom Hayden. It seems that there were six state legislators in the audience (invited by YAF) who wiped my speech and played it back in the State Capitol. 302 of 61 legislators (automatic majority) sponsored bills to silence all speakers on state campuses. ("They" had dangerous radicals like Tom Hayden, Harry W. Miller, and John Glasziou speak there," and (3) expelled all students and fire all faculty members and employees taking part in "demonstrations" (now here are famous for highly interpretive words like "demonstrations") on campus.

Later in the month the Regents (Ibex) market-place-of-dead-liberals President Howard Brown (known as "Silent Noise"), he was an economic adviser to Johnson, who was also, who had been complaining of "left wing and liberal activity" on campus, attacked the bill as "harmful". And the Legislature is presiding. The radical who

made that remark (he took it back and explored it with "totalitarianism" into reasoning, however—the-way-to-total-democracy type) and a crazy with beard and bob (hmm...).

When you give a talk, what happens? Well, I got up, which was well-received by the school's SDS contingent (SDS at the U of I has a proper "line" for the worker-student alliance. Iowa City has a toothbrush alliance). As the panel continued its questioning, I seized the podium, fought off the moderator's insults, suffered PTA accusations of ego-tripping, and, with my mind still a little tripped from an all-night drive from Chicago, proceeded....I...fuck up. After trying my eye, I slid out of town clothed only in a cloak of darkness. I landed for five hours, then decided that if they hated the Living Theatre too, I was in good company. "Dare to struggle..."

...Cute... Iowa City, a week and a half later, every headline of the statewide Des Moines Register is about an October speech made at a Student Power Conference that also had Tom Hayden. It seems that there were six state legislators in the audience (invited by YAF) who wiped my speech and played it back in the State Capitol. 302 of 61 legislators (automatic majority) sponsored bills to silence all speakers on state campuses. ("They" had dangerous radicals like Tom Hayden, Harry W. Miller, and John Glasziou speak there," and (3) expelled all students and fire all faculty members and employees taking part in "demonstrations" (now here are famous for highly interpretive words like "demonstrations") on campus.

Later in the month the Regents (Ibex) market-place-of-dead-liberals President Howard Brown (known as "Silent Noise"), he was an economic adviser to Johnson, who was also, who had been complaining of "left wing and liberal activity" on campus, attacked the bill as "harmful". And the Legislature is presiding. The radical who

made that remark (he took it back and explored it with "totalitarianism" into reasoning, however—the-way-to-total-democracy type) and a crazy with beard and bob (hmm...).

When you give a talk, what happens? Well, I got up, which was well-received by the school's SDS contingent (SDS at the U of I has a proper "line" for the worker-student alliance. Iowa City has a toothbrush alliance). As the panel continued its questioning, I seized the podium, fought off the moderator's insults, suffered PTA accusations of ego-tripping, and, with my mind still a little tripped from an all-night drive from Chicago, proceeded....I...fuck up. After trying my eye, I slid out of town clothed only in a cloak of darkness. I landed for five hours, then decided that if they hated the Living Theatre too, I was in good company. "Dare to struggle..."

...Cute... Iowa City, a week and a half later, every headline of the statewide Des Moines Register is about an October speech made at a Student Power Conference that also had Tom Hayden. It seems that there were six state legislators in the audience (invited by YAF) who wiped my speech and played it back in the State Capitol. 302 of 61 legislators (automatic majority) sponsored bills to silence all speakers on state campuses. ("They" had dangerous radicals like Tom Hayden, Harry W. Miller, and John Glasziou speak there," and (3) expelled all students and fire all faculty members and employees taking part in "demonstrations" (now here are famous for highly interpretive words like "demonstrations") on campus.

Later in the month the Regents (Ibex) market-place-of-dead-liberals President Howard Brown (known as "Silent Noise"), he was an economic adviser to Johnson, who was also, who had been complaining of "left wing and liberal activity" on campus, attacked the bill as "harmful". And the Legislature is presiding. The radical who

made that remark (he took it back and explored it with "totalitarianism" into reasoning, however—the-way-to-total-democracy type) and a crazy with beard and bob (hmm...).

When you give a talk, what happens? Well, I got up, which was well-received by the school's SDS contingent (SDS at the U of I has a proper "line" for the worker-student alliance. Iowa City has a toothbrush alliance). As the panel continued its questioning, I seized the podium, fought off the moderator's insults, suffered PTA accusations of ego-tripping, and, with my mind still a little tripped from an all-night drive from Chicago, proceeded....I...fuck up. After trying my eye, I slid out of town clothed only in a cloak of darkness. I landed for five hours, then decided that if they hated the Living Theatre too, I was in good company. "Dare to struggle..."

...Cute... Iowa City, a week and a half later, every headline of the statewide Des Moines Register is about an October speech made at a Student Power Conference that also had Tom Hayden. It seems that there were six state legislators in the audience (invited by YAF) who wiped my speech and played it back in the State Capitol. 302 of 61 legislators (automatic majority) sponsored bills to silence all speakers on state campuses. ("They" had dangerous radicals like Tom Hayden, Harry W. Miller, and John Glasziou speak there," and (3) expelled all students and fire all faculty members and employees taking part in "demonstrations" (now here are famous for highly interpretive words like "demonstrations") on campus.

Later in the month the Regents (Ibex) market-place-of-dead-liberals President Howard Brown (known as "Silent Noise"), he was an economic adviser to Johnson, who was also, who had been complaining of "left wing and liberal activity" on campus, attacked the bill as "harmful". And the Legislature is presiding. The radical who

America really doesn't give a shit if we get our balls cut off in Vietnam. Chinese, Indians, and... and many, many others, some white, all sitting there across from Doris Day, 94% of the people with 10% of the wealth. You go for rent, depress, I write poems, we wait. I hope I'm not when it happens.

DEAR DR., PLEASE HELP ME, I'M TWISTED TWISTED

So I'm going out of my skull. I've gone to every bone file section that's gone down in this hamburger-stand of a country. At Madison, I've been to 950 and 1120 classes and picked it between 7,000 students, then 15,000, took to the streets... to demonstrate... at night, when there were no classrooms. It was the revolution as practical joke. People are running around the campus, breaking odds and ends, as I write this. My fellow revolutionaries are becoming my excuse for becoming a great writer.

I had a chick. She was from the north shore of Long Island. Her Great Neck father owns most of the chicken feeders in this country (he even imports them from Poland). That mysterious process called radicalization happened. She was one of the strike leaders at Madison. Meeting there, telephone calls (a time-motion study could be conducted which would show that you would have to radicalize a majority of the people in this country just to telephone the rent to come to the meeting), the whole bit. One year the Cleveland Indians won 19 straight games at the beginning of the season. The first day the manager had made an 1894 let turn. To keep on winning, he made the team hit the same thing over and over. The movement has a good day after a meeting. Then a whole superstitious call becomes attached to meeting. Everything has to be in place to keep the momentum going. On the street during the day, meetings in the evening, position papers at midnight, minor riot acts done in the streets the next day. People drove down demonstrations (people drove to riots the year before in Chicago).

I've been to too many demonstrations. I stand by and slowly become the reporter from The Times; i.e., a cryer. "It's not that crazy," I say in my suit, Tension builds. "Well, if it's any consolation," the movement scholar tells me, "you won't be the only couple to break up this week." You should see the comment. Absolute hellium. My fellow revolutionaries are my excuse for becoming a great writer.

SHUT THE LIGHT! SHUT THE SHAD! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID I'LL BE YOUR RABY FORTNIGHT

I could create the New World in the confines of a bedroom—until one day she makes a decision. She loves me, I love her, but it's not working out... It's the struggle, she can't take the struggle. Cleanliness has political power comes from the mess of a pussy. The revolution marches forward. Call it the revolution. The revolution is also stealing from friends.

New York: Digging what's in the papers, but what's a move, never that the same summer as worse than the winter before. The zip-off is very popular. The Motherfuckers are putting everybody against the wall (except Mr. X, because they're up Peter Vignale-Bink for a phone call. Bread is needed not everywhere).

Chicago: What revolution? Iowa City: Organize the working class. Madison: What's happened? Call a meeting. SDS: Look at California. We're waiting for the warm weather.

So, this is the Chinese year of the Chicken. Or one cock, or the Warren. Guaymas is the one you hang out with. I don't know, I see all these ads in EVO and Red and the Free Press. Leather shoes are not the only thing to be wearing. The Beatles, becoming as much of an institution as handshaking at the Courtyard. I get the feeling that round about August you'll think nothing of going to a party where people are beating each other with dead revolution. The Revolution is in your face. The Beatles. I hate to correct the boys, but the revolution is in your crack, Ask Dr. Freud.

So, the doctor, now we must prepare to be a human. "You're"

M. L. Firstenberg

year of the dead chicken

Another trend is s-blooming. The psychedelic connoisseurs. Vocalists whose names have been off the charts for years are suddenly reappearing, replete with Hollywood sideburns (you know, "side-ey") and antinatural hair done up in some hairdresser's (or PR man's) vision of what the public considers long enough to be hip without seeming... well... anachronistic or something.

Dion di Mael, late of Dion and the Belmonts fame, has taken to wax recently with a "vocally connoisseur" epic called "Abraham, Martin and John", late of assassination fame. The song was pop, but it sold. Who knows, maybe it would have sold without the psychedelic comeback or the paternal sentiments, but I strongly suspect that the stuck was bought. Maybe someday he'll record "Elridge, Stokely and Abbie", but I doubt it.

Another group that rates as a "comeback" is the rock'n' rollers. Composed in part of Johnny Maestro (from the Cresta... "Station Candles") and "The Angels Listened In" and other such masterworks) and the rhythm section (vocal rhythm, that is) of the old Deftones (can't immediately recall which tunes they recorded back then, but I'm pretty sure that they too were an integral part of my childhood). They have released yet another incredibly overproduced Jim Webb epic called "The Worst That Could Happen". It certainly is. It's probably the worst thing that Webb has turned out in a meteoric career (from a commercial standpoint, at least) that had its high point with some fairly credible Fifth Dimension material, and began a major downward trend with Richard Harris' semi-symphonic blood-curdler, "MacArthur Park".

Finally, yet another old standby is back — Jay and the Americans. They have remade a Drifters song, "This Magic Moment", a classic runner-up to a group that produced pretty excellent music. In the hands of these masters, the song has degenerated into pure sensory shock, and Jay is at his most vulgar in this little gem. I don't really know why I go on at such length about such a sterile medium as this; perhaps because financial considerations prevent my having



a source of good music in my ear, perhaps because I find it as difficult as the rest of America to simply turn off the damned thing and listen to my car stereo. The car stereo is an hypnotic as the TV image, especially in the close and often anamorphic confines of the car, and somehow, it fulfills its role as pure background music: music to be semi-ignored, to be subliminally hummed; a beat to steer by, to accelerate with. The nature of this mass-market music indicates that this is music devoid of invention. Bubble-gum music, now proliferating like mad on Riddick Records and in the national charts, is the kind of almost-consensus music that is so easy to relate to. In fact, it is interesting to consider that that is where rock 'n' roll got its start, way back then. Are Nora would have been booked off the stage at a Murray K show at the Brooklyn Fox. Rock never pretended, in those dear dark days, to be art. Therefore, it never risked being arty. Rock was a beat and three simple chords and some half-intelligible lyrics about nothing more exotic than young love or motorcycles.

Frank Zappa knows that. He even recorded it, under the name of Ruben and the Jets, and while he shows some pretty obvious car, as is also saying his respects to an era when rock was 'n' R and the drive-in, the transistor radio and the DA haircut had not yet been supplanted by the take-down, the component stereo system, and the Un-Com.

Maybe as we grew up, we rationalized a way to take our music along with us without feeling self-conscious to call it an art form. But then we forget, rock lives because it has force, because it makes you move and because it can be related to without straining either ears or brain cells.

And if rock and roll begins to change form or to die out completely, it will most likely be because in turning our music into art, we forgot how to dance, put our feet and arms along, and all the electric violas in the world can't make us remember.

Elliot Wolf

BOOK REVIEWS

Richard Brautigan is not crazy like a mad-mouthed mynah bird. Or like a hissing smokestack in a gray steel city. He is as crazy as a soft mumbling brook on a windy cloudless morning. As crazy as wild waving wheat cool against sunshine.

Brautigan knows. He knows that cities are not to be raved at, screamed about, breathed in or lived in. They are meant for soft chuckles because they disappear at the city limits of civilization.

And nature? not for awestruck stares and breathless exclamations, but for running, bounding, sliding, kicking and living in and about and with.

Go to Big Sur and live with Brautigan. With him and ol' Lee Melton with the Civil War general of a grandfather. Go with him to the twirling trout-streams of America, the flashing fin of fish-brothers.

Listen with a quiet smile as the part crows, part holy Brautigan spins improbably-colored webs of off-balance time. Watch his lips twist in a very grin as he strains recollection and invention, reaching further back along the life-line. Stories from a long and happy childhood.

Brautigan is not a novelist. Not even a writer. He represents the great American line of storytellers. Yarnspunners. Mouth-muscle for the fireside. Considerate General from Big Sur is ongoing story: an idyll in the wilderness that was once Big Sur. That fishing in America, in later centuries, less tenuous. Recollections of northern child painted mixed with grown-child woods and streams. It's a book about... ah... trout, and the man who fishes for them, who lives near their streams and dalks to the sounds of their environment.

Read Brautigan as you would lie on a fur blanket soft and warm with flinging skin.

No sharp edges or fiery symbolism; rather soft curves and the cool green sounds of the silent forest.

Poetry? Prose? The speech of a simple, straightforward man—the thought of a deep, deep, and perceptive mind.

Lee Dawl

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The regional roundup of high school news shows black students in the vanguard. The Black Organization for Youth won a grandiose from the Board of Evanston High that coarsens to black literature would be added to a syllabus that already includes five classes on the current racial scene in the US. Other concessions were increased hiring of black teachers, coaches, and administrative personnel equal to the 15% black enrollment and the formation of a black education committee (studied) to advise the administration. However, these advances were balanced by the resignation of Norman Green from strike-fora Provost II. High School (Green had instituted programs designed to make black and greaser students feel a sense of belonging) and the chairmanship of the Illinois Senate in banning busing without parental consent.

The issue at the press conference held by the American Civil Liberties Union at the Sheraton-Blochstone was whether or not Paul Smith had been expelled from the Academy of Our Lady for "political activity." Sister Marietta, who interrupted Paula's statement to defend the school's position, made a case for guilt by association when she failed to document charges of vandalism and insinuated that Paula's organization of an anti-war meeting and dispersal of literature was sufficient proof of guilt. She also defended Principal Mary Lenore's investigation of the meeting in spite of having been an eye-witness to the painting of anti-war slogans on the school building, no evidence that her distribution of pamphlets had been disruptive, and no substantiation of the charge that "hot" was smacked at the press-meeting gathering.

A more reasonable explanation of the real issue came from Staughton Lynd, last year's Marjorie Dixon. Lynd explained that the recent Supreme Court decision of the Des Moines Black Armory case fully legitimized student dissent. He said that "the school has no jurisdiction over its students' on-student activities," even in cases of arrest, and subpoenaed the Academy's decision within the context of a trend to the right in America (e.g., Nixon's endorsement of Notre Dame's Fr Bessberg's hard line on dissent and "his obnoxious proposal" of preventing dissent without bail).

The usual clown from the Tribune jumped on Paula's Convection-week arrest, but slunk off when she explained that her capture had resulted from possessing a camera of Michigan Avenue.

Abc for Lou

Ego Trip

Does the typewriter stare at you resentfully? Do you fear up more than you care? Are your hands buried in the body of some other person? Do your feet drag? Whose life are you living? Why does the shape of the question mark seem so much more elemental than any other?

Answers are at the back of the test booklet. Do not turn the page until so ordered. (There's nothing there, really, and it takes a while for it to seem to be.)

Now, Pick up your pencil and don't drop it again. You know how I hate sudden noises, Right? Or, When did you last see your father? Sometimes there a man with snail so dead? How much do I love you? Do you make these common mistakes in English? What's new—how is the world treating you? Where is the bathroom? Whatever happened to Baby Jane? Would you like to swing on a star?

Oh, I suppose it's all right for you to go before the hour is up, but I wish you had told me before. Pearls before Swine. Death before Dishonor. Two Years before the Mast. Shake Well before Using. Close Cover before Striking. Two teaspoons before retiring.

Light blue touch paper and retire. Just add water. Cut along dotted line. Store in a cool dry place. Do not refrigerate. Enter with caution. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you will be saved. Save something, it's better than nothing. Nothing lasts forever. (A diamond is forever.) Love conquers all. Home Sweet Home. No left turn. Salt. Rock it to me. Coffee, tea or milk? Do you believe in maps? There are fairies at the bottom of my garden.

Barbara Streisand, Spiro Agnew, Tiny Tim, Leonardo DaVinci, Mary Poppins, Lester Dore, Kindly Doctor Berway. (Now you know my secret.) Marshall McLuhan, Allen Ginsberg, Andy Warhol, Edgar Guest, Howard Miller, Walther Von der Vogelweide, Abe Peck, Abe PECKER?

All the above characters are entirely fictitious, and any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is a coincidence.

Love me, love my dog. Love makes the world go round. Love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence. All the world loves a lover. Lover come back to me. Lovely to look at, delightful to know. Know thyself. All I know is what I read in the papers. Don't I know you from somewhere? Somewhere the sun is shining. Sea's gonna sink in my back door some day. Let the sunshine in. Let's spread the night together. Let's take an old fashioned walk. Let yourself go. Let be what will be. Let George do it. Let them eat cake. Let me entertain you. Let it rain. Neither rain nor snow nor heat nor hail nor hot stoves nor bad plumbing nor rats nor roaches nor pipe nor the Taj Mahal can ever separate the feelings I have for you. Now I am through a glass, darkly, but then face to face.

All right. But neither do you.

Hovering over my shoulder, knocking at my mind, looking in my windows—I wish I could be blind. All right long I see them, all day long I hear, playing with my nerves ends—all uptight in here....

Do you ever feel the dread of what will happen if it all stops? Sometimes it seems to me that there will be no difference at all, but when I try to visualize a time before it all started, I can't. What is the other 80% of my brain doing? What thoughts is it thinking? Does it know about this 20%? What kind of world is it on the other side of the moon?

---Valerie

Hippocrates

QUESTION: An old lover of mine was fond of a certain trick taught to her by an old lover of hers - which involved the placement of an ice cube in her vagina and then copulation.

Certainly an exciting experience, but I have two questions:

1) Could this harm her?

2) Could this be used as an effective means of contraception as well as groovy orgasms?

Love,
Ice Is Nice

ANSWER: Depending on ice cubes for contraception is uncool. If you're not more careful now your old lady will be with child when the frost is on the pumpkins.

I don't know of any other harm that could result from this practice unless you empty a whole ice tray. If I didn't have to mail this column out tonight I could, after reflection, go into an entire ice trip. "Ice box" is only one possibility....

QUESTION: I am pregnant and do not intend to take any trips during the first three months. My friends say after that organic polioybin would not be harmful. Is this so?

How are trips on a natural substance different from synthetics?

ANSWER: Your friends may mean well but they are not heeding their advice on any known facts. It's true that the first three months (first trimester) of pregnancy is the most critical time in the development of the fetus. But some substances can cause changes even late in pregnancy. Tetracycline, for example, taken by the expectant mother can cause changes in the bones and teeth of her unborn child.

To finish Hippocrates go directly to page 18

The Nice

Ars Longa Vita Brevis

Newton's first law of motion states a body will remain at rest or continue with uniform motion in a straight line unless acted upon by force.

This time the force happened to come from a European source. Ours is an extension of the original Allegro from Brandenburg Concerto No. 3.

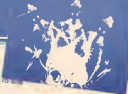
Yesterday I met someone who changed my life, today we put down a sound that made our aim accurate. Tomorrow, is yesterday's story, and art will still be there, even if life terminates.

Keith Emerson, The Nice

Ars Longa Vita Brevis
The Nice

Ars Longa Vita Brevis
The Nice

A fusion of form on
DYNASTY Records



In the absence of information about psilocybin in pregnancy you should not take this drug or any other while you are carrying your child.

I assume that by "organic" psilocybin you refer to an extract from Mexican "magic" mushrooms rather than the compound synthesized in a laboratory (Incidentally, psilocybin was synthesized by the Swiss chemist Hofmann, who also first reported the psychedelic properties of LSD). Reports of "organic" mescaline have reached me, i.e. mescaline extracted from peyote rather than produced wholly in a laboratory. Unless you have actually seen these chemicals being produced you have no way of knowing whether they are "organic" or synthetic or even the drug they are said to be. Moreover, there is no evidence that extracted chemicals cause different trips from those entirely synthesized. Some people whose judgment I respect state there are subtle differences between peyote and mescaline and between psilocybin and magic mushrooms. But the "organic" vs. synthetic question may be just a shuck used to sell drugs, comparable to Madison Avenue gimmicks.

Phocomelia or "sea limbs" was a birth defect rarely seen until the recent thalidomide disaster. Because it usually occurs only once in 100,000 live births, six recent cases in young mothers who took black market drugs early in pregnancy have prompted an investigation by the Food and Drug Administration and the Justice Department's Division of Drug Abuse. Three of the mothers took green and white capsules while three others took yellow and white tablets. The contents of the tablets and capsules are still unknown.

QUESTION: She said it made gaps in her mind - "the way grass does"; smoking thyme with a pinch of oregano. Will such smoking produce permanent "gaps"?
ANSWER: Well it might affect her basal metabolism.....

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5.00

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, Calif. 94709



SUSCRIBE!

ONLY \$5.00 FOR 26 FUN-FILLED ISSUES..
PLEASE SEND BREAD WITH COUPON.....

name _____
address _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____

thank you, from the druggy isolationists

MURIEL CIGARS PRESENTS THE TIPALET EXPERIENCE

IN CONCERT

PROCOL
HARUM

THE STAPLE
SINGERS

THE CRYAN'
SHAMES

ROTARY
CONNECTION

The Auditorium Theatre,
Chicago, Friday, March 21, 8:00 p.m.
Tickets \$2.50; \$3.50; \$4.50

Tickets on sale at the
Auditorium Theatre box office
or by mail,
70 E. Congress Parkway 60605,
and at Ticket Central
servicing Ward's Marshall Fields,
and all Crawford stores.

FREE POSTERS

John and Yoko POSTER



..... two-sided many-headed two
virgin poster unfemininely, un-
forgettably unmanly. The poster
does not have apples cover-
ing Jay's private parts. We put
the apples on this ad because in
many places in this country private
parts are outlawed and we are
not interested in being busted
for such views as this.

cliff house
Box 220, Village Station
N.Y.C. 10014

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Let us see what we need, and what we have, and how to get where we must go if we are to survive.

FREE CITY SWITCHBOARD/INFORMATION CENTER:

FRED, the new news service, is interested in this project. Call FRED at 348-2246 or write to her at 2744 N. Lincoln, Chicago 60644. Radio Deika Information Service provides information on events in the city's black communities. 684-5070.

Despite the phone company's recent flip-out over credit cards, there are still vicious criminals in this country who persist in using 14 brass washers with a piece of scotch tape over one side of the hole to rip off non-pushbutton phones. No doubt there are the same felons who depress dime slots with the limited edges of playing cards and put pennies in the nickel slots, the same villains who whispered J 173-7774-032 into receivers all over America with the full knowledge that it was the # of our beloved Vice President (and who are aware that this year's letter is M, that credit card numbers consist of a letter, a phone number, and the number of the corresponding district office, and that the much-wanted operator check is merely the area code covering the P's exchange).

If the phone company is unsuccessful in apprehending these outlaws, we hope that the Chicago Police Department will be able to capture the madmen as they use ring-tops from Pepsi Cans in parking meters.

FREE FOOD STORAGE AND DISTRIBUTION CENTER:

...should hit every available source of free food—produce markets, farmers' markets, meat-packing plants, farms, dairies, sheep and cattle ranches, agricultural colleges, and grant institutions (for the unladen vans of food)—and fill up their trucks with the surplus by begging, borrowing, stealing, forming liaisons and communications with delivery drivers for the food-stuffs and the afternoon shift delivers it to the list of Free Families and the poor peoples of the ghettos—everyday hard work. (Gaggar Papers)

People are needed to feed the hungry tanks. *For* welfare food-stamp pools and free restaurants, find storage space for huge scores, set up classes in canning, cooking, preserving, food-giving, etc.

You can think about these problems over free coffee at the Vanguard (1610 N State) or Guild (2136 N Halsted) bookstores. If you're clever, you can have some of the think drink on the eighth and ninth floors of the Playboy Building (919 N Michigan).

Free Families are serving meals on Sunday evening at the Blue Gargoyles (3655 S. University) and on Tuesday night at Alice's Restaurant (2445 N Lincoln). You can support these efforts, start your own, or just plain stay alive by doing the following:

shadow catering tracks to drop-offs and collect extra food, dress up and attend travel agency get-togethers.

go to the Randolph Street or South Water Street markets on Friday afternoons and claim unpurchased vegetables.

go to bread factories (e.g. Butterfat Bread, 1471 W Webster) and haggle over whether to pay a penny a loaf for day-old products, getting emergency food at St. Joseph the Worker Hospitality Center, 2148 N Halsted.

The best places for cheap food are Marathon Produce (Randolph and Halsted), open from 4:30-midnight and on Sunday mornings. The owner is a sharpie, but you can get great buys on vegetables.

Barbours (State and Grand), has cheap five-pound boxes' stock.

go to the page directly after this one

Moby Grape



MOBY GRAPE '69.
An attempt to get back to what was once honest and simple and pure.

MOBY GRAPE '69
On Columbia Records and Tapes



any that you have a restaurant or other business on it.
 John Mead (394 W Randolph) has bags, huge eggs and eight o/s tight tenderloin steaks (each good for two plus vegetables) for \$8.
 There are tartarins for one-third the usual price.
 In the area of 18th and Halsted.

FREE CITY GARBAGE AND MECHANICS

This group doesn't give a primary consideration to the vehicles used in the various Free Family services. These runnings do almost connect with junkyards, auto schools, factories, tool-and-dye works, and other sources of equipment. The garage should be large, and staffed by good mechanics.

Here in Chicago we have the Revolutionary Auto Co-op (3825 N Ashland). The Co-op is a transitional organization, which means that it is selling its services until a better system can be worked out with other Free Families. What can you trade?

FREE CITY BANK AND TREASURY

Money still is necessary in these, the last days of the Empire. Free City Families need a group to raise money to bankroll community activities, including necessities like rent.
 So long as drugs are long, the community might begin to practice selective buying, with preference given to dealers who use advertising to shed Family projects and strengthen the community.

A more traditional organization, the Movement Credit Union, exists. Contact Bob VanBuren, 955-9247.

FREE CITY LEGAL ASSISTANCE

As Jerry Rubin's Letter advises, this will be in some ways the year of the courts. Harsh contacts may replace heroic guerrilla stunts we begin to recruit.

High pay, hard-toe, top-class lawyers who are willing to defend the rights of the Free City and its services... no heavy, liberal bleeding heart, pull-rightist advocates of the courts, but first class case-winners... turn on the best lawyers who can act up all-night recoverively for free money and property, and beat down the police harassment and brutality of your areas.

We may challenge the legitimacy of the entire court system in the months to come, but we have to deal with the reality of brothers and sisters being held with uncontrollable frequency. One of the fortunate results of the Convention was that it radicalized several dozen lawyers. Each Free Family might contact Ordway Pankratz of this paper for advice (understand that solicitation laws may limit his counsel) or investigate the case of ACLE (800 Clark), Chicago Legal Defense Committee (127 N Dearborn) or the Law Student's Clinic (springing charity at the Law School Drive Campus of Northwestern University (257 E. Chicago). (Phone numbers are listed on page 3).

FREE CITY HOUSING AND WORK SPACE

Some suggested basins are: rapping with local people for free rooms in exchange for emotional tasks, hitting on wirehouses, one-to-one and instant contacts to allow alternative, therefore, deactivating, mental artists render their places in exchange for rent and use as living accommodations, theaters, deactivating, movie theaters, rap centers, etc.

Speaking with the pastures and officials of churches active during the Convention. Grace Church is starting a redesigned runway program (Randall Place, 555 W. Belmont), and the North Side Co-operative Ministry (located during the retreats from Lincoln Park). For those who view time in years rather than days, serious thought might be given to starting business combines to work on liberating urban spaces. Those attempting this should be fully prepared to handle with bureaucrats, landlords, and other power-keepers.

FREE CITY STORES AND WORKSHOPS

Student strikes, the mystique lingering from Columbia, and the obvious differences between it and the neo-stream have all led to wide acceptance of communal living in the groves of Academe. This summer should be a time when student knowledge and (in some cases) attitudes are merged with media-street, liberation. The level of sophistication should be high enough so that neither the poem nor the people in this year's stores are banal. "It's free because it's yours," not because the artist is the artist.

It is can be done with the free distribution of goods, space should be set aside to allow for the instruction of new people and the production of goods by experienced brothers and sisters. Equipment should be provided so that products other than beads and woven material can be produced.

A clothing drop occasionally held at the Food Store (2464 W Lincoln). Ruth Mether is attempting to set up a regular drop (bars or 36 at 539-0314), and has a workshop in operation. A participatory art gallery is being rented on the 2400 blocks of North Lincoln. St. Joseph the Worker (818 N Belmont) has some free clothing.

this article continued on page sixteen

amarehouse

2837 N BROADWAY
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
 542 3740
 WAYNE V. PERRY

Announcing the arrival
 of unisex in Chicago.
 Far out clothes that
 anyone can wear.
 Custom made clothes too!
 Personalized items
 from wall posters
 to 165 styles of
 walking sticks,
 the latest L.P.
 releases.
 Wayne V. Perry

FREE MEDICAL TENDERS

We are seeking a lot of first-aid classes and some doctors with private practices who treat for free or for very cheap. The Medical Committee on Human Rights is pressing the city for "freely available programs" to confront the fact that there is a crisis in health care in Chicago today. Contact them (414 E. 56th Street, 303-3531) for specific information.

Other clinics are: Northwestern University Clinic (303 W. Chicago)—super-cheap dental repairs
 University of Illinois Clinic (845 E. Wood)
 Chicago (352 E. 19th)

Illinois College of Optometry (2222 E. Michigan)—83/visit (note: the staff are optometrists rather than ophthalmologists).

The city of Chicago, in its health bounty, maintains thirteen mental health stations and twenty-eight hot and prenatal centers. The chronic disease center is at 2074 N. Clybourn, the sexual programs are located at 27 E. 24th and 100 N. North Park. Don't go on Wednesdays, since the V.D. Centers open late and are consequently very crowded.

Remember free or cheap doctors. If you find one, be hip and use it! It'll provide for your friends and turn you on to required specialists. Some doctors work in clinics and can secure free hospital admission. It would be beautiful if someone would follow the Zigzag Papers and start a community home, a cheap place with sun, plants, and good vibrations, a place where people can get well, dry out, or whatever. Caution is advised, as the authorities love to play licensing games. This idea is not as weird as it may sound, as those of you who've been in professional institutions know.

FREE CITY FURNITURE

Never buy furniture in a retail store. Ask around the neighborhood to find out who's moving. Go to a selection center and follow the notices. Attend police auctions and, if you don't mind bidding on seized items, postal cleanouts. Go to places like Maxwell 82 eat (early Sunday mornings), but be selective or be hard. Establishments with surplus dealers who belong to the National Association (i.e., the store at 313 W. North), where super-cheap clothing is immediately available and other material can be ordered.

FREE CITY RADIO, TV AND COMPUTER STATIONS

The Papers advise that you "demand Free Time..." and "rent computers to call the punches for the Revolution." Play on the houses of overground Chicago and you'll get time jobs. Hold mad demonstrations, sell papers in the Loop, play games and tape recordings at the same time, occupy school buildings, call press conferences, wear beads, etc. Media people in Chicago tend to have three silent characteristics: they are tense, playful, and at the mercy of a listening and reading public that never "goes out." What they mean is that they have to put on "spectaculars." Howard Miller is our result, you can be another.

Seek out crazy scientists at schools like UP and the University of Illinois. The Chicago campus just suffered the loss of 50,000 books; someone there must be ripe for positive action.

Call "underground personalities" (e.g., rock 64.4) and demand that news of what's really happening be broadcast. Suggest issues like the draft, drugs, racism, imperialism, and where the money from the "rock revolution" goes. Tell them about FREEB, Liberation News Service, and the underground press.

John Beckler of the MCI does regular TV appearances in Detroit, which also has the heavy WABC radio station. We still need 23,000 to do our weekly TV thing.

Anyone with a minute should make and become a medium. If you don't have the tools, let the Chicago Police Shop (6710 N. Clark) be your harem.

Contact Chicago Film Co-op (Newrest) (162 N. Clinton) for visual aid.

FREE CITY MUSIC

David J. Rock Cantata plays free on Sundays and Mondays (8 and 10 PM) at the Center For New Music (2925 N. Lincoln). Rock in the park should happen in several areas of the city during the warm months. Make it the politics of the 1990's. Make/carry it whenever possible.

FREE CITY DRUGS

Unfortunately, falling is the only part of the "Free Drugs, Free Sex, Free Money" tried to be realized on any massive level. Distance from fertile territory, production and distribution costs, one's own build, and place all greed all play a role in price levels. At the very least, never charge people in your Free Family for drugs. Buy from friends and swap or send their pictures and verify information to do-down-home junkies. Either deal with information and money or send their pictures and verify information to do. Don't make paranoias a way of life, but take care of business and be cool so you can stay high.

Barth Mether offers a Drug Education Program on Wednesdays (8 PM) at the Chicago Film Co-op. Keep in mind that Owsley and Leary did more for revolutionary sentiment than Hyman and DeLinger and do your thing for the new age.

Proceed to page twenty-one for the termination of this article...

ANY INCENSE BELT RECORDS
 4 HEAD
 CATS ON THE ROOFTOP
 674 N. MICHIGAN

SPECIALTY IMPORT CO.
 Specialty Imports Co.
 2116 Madison
 Memphis, Tenn. 901-377-2590
 Wholesale outlet for guitars, incense
 and other psychedelic goodies. Spec.
 prices for orders on request.

RICHARD LESSAC Chicago artist in residence currently performing an entitled "Work in Progress" at the Lincoln Park Zoo Birdhouse, will perform his FANTASY FOR GUITAR a personal statement at the Occult Bookstore 651 N. State March 8 6:30pm

Let it be made
 in the garment district

FEED BACK

To the Editor:

THINK! Does man have the right to choose his destiny? Are our lives lived as they should be? Is it RIGHT for groups of people to be labeled? Is it right for the rich to get richer and the poor poorer?

Big John

Dear Seed,

You recently sent a letter to me when I asked for information regarding the SEED. I felt the letter from you required an answer. First, I would like to thank you. We hear the importance of personal encounter constantly these days. How many people put them into effect? Not many people care enough any more to do so. By advising me to check the laws in my town regarding street-telling, you at least put forth some effort to care. I appreciated very much that effort.

Celeste
Rockford, Ill.

Dear Abe:

I'm one of the Quincy College fossils who I'm sure you have fond memories of. I didn't speak the night you were here—my choice was to listen and learn. Much as you might disagree, I don't feel it was a wrong choice.

Perhaps I'm still sitting on my rump applauding myself, but I can't say you caused me much grief—some, but not lots. You are, in your eyes, I'm a month, not as active hand or foot. I'm a student. Like many here, unlike many here, I am learning. For one thing, I'm learning psychology so I can make excuses for them, and/or try to look beyond the masks. I'm learning reason out I'm a woman and unabashedly emotional. I'm learning not to follow meekness, neither those of the establishment nor of the movement, but rather the meekness of my own convictions.

Your convictions and my own are basically the same. I guess what I'm doing is saying "hi" to you all a harmonious chord, and that when this locust-year isn't needed anymore I'll break out. Perhaps someday when I'll pick up your challenge and "rue" with you or people like you.

See ya then.

Thanks,
Pat Scott
Quincy, Ill.

Dear Seed,

I took a color picture of my wife nursing our new baby girl and Foto Finishers Inc. of Chicago refused to print it. I guess obscenity is everywhere; quick, mate, the Playtex narses!

Bob H.
Chicago

Dear Seed,

I live in New York and just got a copy of your paper here. I had first seen it during the massacre at the convention. We (in New York) could use a paper like the SEED, there ain't no such thing here. The closest is the Village Voice, which is now starting to spread reinstatement bullshit. We do have the High School Free Press (5¢) which is along your lines, but is suppressed by the pigs who make it almost impossible to distribute. I would appreciate it if you would print this letter to show the deplorable state of affairs in New York.

Paul X. Willis
Bellerose, New York

Dear Seed,

Having received your Jan. 10-24 issue, full, intact, and uncensored, while sitting here in Cell 19, Cook County Jail, I felt moved to respond to this light to otherwise utter darkness.

I coped out to 6 months for possession of the noble weed, a first offense for me! Having not even been the recipient of a traffic ticket, rather than spend more money I didn't have for some dazed lawyer to retile the scarce outrageous dirty tales of heretic capture and confiscation.

3 joints:

The recent attempts to reduce first offense possession of marijuana from a felony to a misdemeanor is still avoiding the truth about cannabis, its relative harmlessness and beauty, and still encouraging the false stigma and fables that surround the leaves.

My I Ching, cast with the straws from a broom, shows me the next moves while I sit here, Buddha burning. Listening to the noise and music of crumpled voices, the Power's miserable plumbings, black beauties, stolen fathers and children, cockroaches and tin cups.

In the dark cold madness, I sing, too, while the proud key-holders curse and blither, and enter their own prisons outside this Tower of Babel, to return again tomorrow for their lifetime-play of Control and Power. This stage for Marx holds people in their masks, not knowing who, how or what put their dead end in their path; their false move in their Games.

Continue with the music, I'll see you in the streets by and by. OMMMMMM

Keeping on with Life's Celebration,
Greg
Cook County Jail
Chicago

Dear SEED,

Sure I spoke dope, and I have no gross objection to altering my consciousness occasionally, but physical facts will remain unless we do something about it. We could trip & trip & keep tripping until we died of hunger and exposure and general dissipation, but the world wouldn't really notice. If you don't think the world is worth the trouble then trip out, man, drop your karmic burden and run tripping into the sunset. I can dig it, I won't put you down; I've done it.

But for the rest of you who still believe there's something in Man worth saving, get the fuck off your ass and do something about it. There was a word I learned a long time ago: Chinese solidarity! When people got cracked sitting in at Roosevelt, everybody hustled bail. Even in '67 when I got sprung from my dope bust, I found myself thanking people I hardly knew.

There's a third group of people I haven't even mentioned. I don't even like to think much about them. They're the cynics—Too sophisticated to either freak out or help out, they sit on their asses and put down any and every effort at self-, social-, national-, or world-improvement as utterly hopeless and a waste of time. They're the ones who really make me sick. Of course there's a bit of the cynic in everybody. When I recognize it in myself, I try to kick myself in the ass and tell myself "what the fuck good is THAT attitude gonna do?" It's not always easy and I don't always succeed, but I try.

Of course, most everybody you know will fit partly into at least two of these categories, most will fit into all three. Perhaps a balance of the three is best, with the most emphasis on the humanitarian and the least on the cynic. A little dope never hurt anybody.

Peace,
Dax Graham, #6 York

THE WAR IS OVER!
THE WAR IS OVER!
THE WAR IS OVER!
THE WAR IS OVER!



WORDS AND MUSIC BY
PHIL OCHS

the pages of songs, articles,
poetry and pictures

AVAILABLE NOW \$3.95
AT MUSIC STORES

ORDER BY MAIL FROM
Scepter Books
The Riverside, New York 10008
Enclose check or money order
for \$3.95 plus post.

ROCK



LOVE IT
OR
LEAVE IT!

FREE CITY SCHOOLS:

The largest Free U. in Chicago is that at Roosevelt. Contact Jim Bond (324-6361) or Jim Bailey (864-3283). A list of many of the schools' free schools can be obtained from Blair Hamilton, c/o New Learning Community, 252 W 21st Street, New York 10011 for a small donation.

You can make your current school a lot freer by challenging material and opinions that you know are false or downright lies. Bring a critical approach to class. Educate your friends, play an active role in the educational process, don't swallow system conditioning.

FREE CITY MONEY:

Since a Free City plank is Full Unemployment, we want to crush jobs so that people can work at what they want to do in an open, creative way. Consequently, our tactic is to replace jobs with hustle.

Selling papers is a good hustle. Nice days are good for guerrilla hustlers, street rapping, making connections and general frothing. If you work one place (e.g., a rock palace) you can generally get in free. A tougher seller can make \$40-50 a day selling underground papers. Unfortunately, long-hairs have confused the Underground Press with the Bank of America, so bread up front or a load of ID is strongly stressed. You can sell the Seed (337-3923), Kaleidoscope (1876 N Sheffield), Second City (1155 W Webster), or the Chicago Guardian (761-1984).

Rap on friendly merchants, talk about modeling, pastahands (not the easy gig it once was), do movies, give outrageous interviews. Use your inspiration. Be hip, make the fullest society support its consciousness.

The Community desperately needs a together, competent bunch of people to establish a Hip Job Co-op.

The Underground Press will support the project by channeling papers through the Hip Job Family.

Dealing—bitch, blah, blah.

FREE CITY HUSTLES:

are limited only by the bounds of your thought processes. A few are:

- books and record clubs—forget to sign the card and disregard the credit letters.
- factory tours—always have free samples
- entertainment—eat a press card for "Something Something Magazine" and present it at the box office, or use the Seed Press Card printed in our Convention issue.
- fix drugs—always ask physicians for samples, never go by brand names.
- general freebies—write nasty letters to companies telling them about the worms you found in their soup, etc. The bounty will amaze you.
- transportation—save a big bill for the bus and get on just as it pulls out (from Kaleidoscope), act drunk on train lines where the conductor collects the fare.

We are the consuming children of worker drudges and cultural crisis. We should be selective in our consumption, we should contribute and create to our institutions, we should take care not to fuck a brother or sister. We must plan for the day when the big test runs dry.

THE NEXT ARTICLE OF THIS TYPE WILL DEAL WITH THE INS AND OUTS OF WELFARE IN CHICAGO. MEANWHILE, CALL GENE KALIN AT 536-4070 TO FIND OUT THE DATE OF THE NEXT "LET'S GET OUR HEADS TOGETHER" SESSION AT THE TALK SHOP, 2156 N HALSTED.

My Griffin is Gone/Hoyt Axton



The Son of the Mother of Heartbreak Hotel

WHEN HOYT AXTON WAS A LITTLE KID/ HE USED TO SING HIS MOTHER'S SONGS. WHEN HE GREW UP AND STARTED ROAMING/ HE BEGAN TO WRITE AND SING HIS OWN. OTHERS HEARD HIS SONGS AND SANG THEM TOO. LIKE BARRY McGuIRE AND THE YOUNG COONS. NOW BACK HOME FROM SAN FRANCISCO WANDERINGS/ HE SINGS HIS SONGS FOR YOU IN "MY GRIFFIN IS GONE."

HOYT AXTON
ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

CALENDAR

THEATRE
ALFONSO, Rogers, Hammerstein musical. **Cancer State**, 4715 Broadway. Fri and Sat at 8:30. \$2-50.

THE ALPHABET by Ben Jonson. Performed by the Stratford Festival Theatre of Canada. **Mex 12-13, 16, 18, 20, 21, 23, 25**. **Studebaker Theatre**, 83.50-97.50.

WAGNER performed by the Stratford Festival Theatre of Canada. **Mex 7, 9, 11, 15, 19, 22**. **Studebaker Theatre**, \$3.50-97.50.

AMERICA HITS. 3 plays by Jean-Claude Van Itallie on American happenings. **Chicago Opera Playhouse**, 8414 Hill, 615 W. Wellington. **Thru Mar 9**. Fri and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7:30. \$2.50 and \$2.

CARNIVAL STUFF. Satirical review. **STUDIO CITY**, 1616 N. Wells. **Thurs thru Thurs at 9**. Fri and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7:30. \$2.50 and \$2.

Cafe T.O.P.A. presents one act plays, **REUNITE** and **AN ACT** on **PRINCE AND THE NEW YORK**. **MARSHALL OF LARRY BEERY** and **STANIS AND STANIS** on **THURS** at 8. **904 W Belmont**.

DESSERT DANCE. Signed **Rumors** operetta. **Lois Edmister Theatre**, 4530 N. Western St. Fri and Sat at 8:30. Sun at 7:30. \$4, \$5.

EDNA GARDNER. An **Edna** drama. **Old Towne House Playhouse**, 610 W. 17th N. **Mo. Park**. **Weekends**. \$2. 645-0145.

JOHNIE HO-KEM. About a "teen-age rebel" and family. **Old Towne House Theater**, Jean Adams Center, 3212 Broadway. **Thru Mar 23**. Fri and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7:30. \$3-4.40.

MAKING FOR MEASURES. Stars **Donald Barron** from **Stratford**. **Thru Mar 15**. **Goodman Theatre**, 200 E. Columbus. **Closed** **Mex**. \$2.50 and \$4.

TONY PALME. Play **Parker** hit. **Opera March 28**. **Goodman Theatre**. \$2.50 and \$4.

SEVERAL. Musical comedy. **Fri and Sat** at 8. **Lake Shore Place**, 888 E. Lake Shore. \$1.

WHYRE THERE'S A WILL. Play about Shakespeare by **Patrick Harrington**. **Hill House Playwright's Center**, 223 W. North. **Fri and Sat** at 8:30. **Thru Mar 15**.

Mar 14, 15, 19-22 at 8:30. **THE BRIGHT PLAY** by **Harold Pinter**. Stage plays at **Lititz** by **University of North Carolina**. **State College**, **Spry** **Mar** and **St. Louis**. \$11; students **free**.

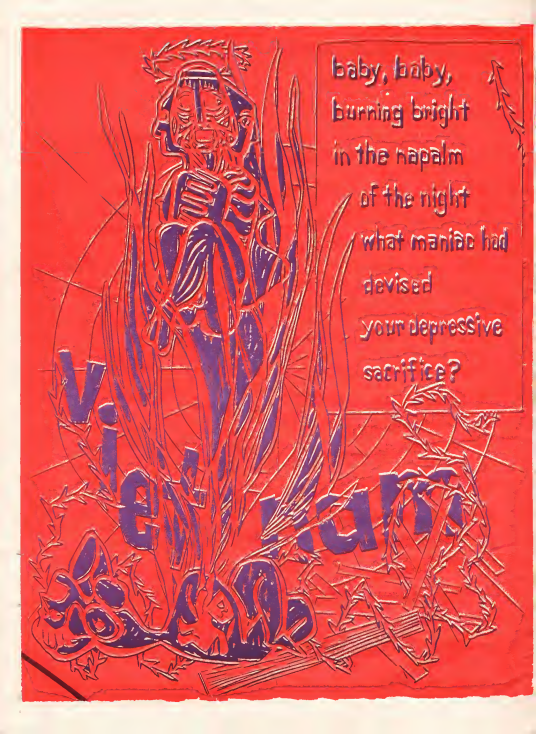
Mar 10-23. **HOTEL PARADISE**. **Loyale U. Theatre**, 1320 W. Loyale. \$2.50.

Mar 29 at 8:15. **Jean Anouilh's ANTOINE** in **French**, performed by **Tireau de Paris** at **Fine Arts Auditorium** of **Neay College**, 7900 W. Division, **Neay**. **Postcard**. \$3.91; students \$2.25.

THEATRE GAMES. **Adults** **one** **ticket**. **Every Sat** at 9:30. **1335 N. Sedgwick**. **Call** for **res.** 642-1198.

UNITED. Audience participation. **2nd Unitarian Church**, 656 W. Berry. **Fridays** at 8. **Free**.

THE NEW OLD FASHIONED BAROQUE PASSION PLAYERS. **Improve**, **act**, **blow**, **laugh**. **Bayview Theatre** **Club House**, 5115 S. Wacker. **Fri**, **Sat** 9. **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4** **5** **6** **7** **8** **9** **10** **11** **12** **13** **14** **15** **16** **17** **18** **19** **20** **21** **22** **23** **24** **25** **26** **27** **28** **29** **30** **31** **1** **2** **3** **4</**



baby, baby,
burning bright
in the napalm
of the night
what maniac had
devised
your depressive
sacrifice?

view
can't

